

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS, 19, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

NUMBER 375.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BUSINESS AND LEISURE.

THE almost universal practice among men of business in England, is to devote the whole of the earlier and middle portion of life to their avocations, with the design of enjoying the latter portion in leisure. In other parts of the civilised world, a different practice prevails, namely, to mingle business and leisure throughout the whole extent of life. It would never, of course, occur to an Englishman that his plan was not the best; yet to us, like other individuals at a distance, who are in circumstances to form an unprejudiced opinion, this is not quite clear; and we think the point may not be unworthy of some discussion.

The practice of the English people is truly and thoroughly as above stated. The years of youth and middle life are devoted to business, with no intermission worthy of being spoken of as an exception. Morning, noon, and night, from one year's end to another, are closely and fully occupied. The other duties of life, which nature plainly imposes upon human beings, such as the education of the young—all these are deputed to individuals who make a business of them. The culture of any of the mental faculties besides those required for business, is never dreamt of, and, accordingly, there is scarcely, perhaps, any corresponding class of human beings on earth whose ideas are so limited as those of the great mass of business-devoted Englishmen. That this course of life is a species of slavery, is generally allowed by the individuals subject to it; but then there is the prospect of its terminating, before the decline of life, in a competency which will give the means of spending the years which remain in a complete exemption from all drudgeries. The grinding exertions, the agonising anxieties, the dreary monotony of the present, is cheerfully endured, in the hope of a future which will make up for it all in an indefinite period of gentlemanly leisure, quiet, and enjoyment.

We are not prepared to say what proportion of the whole number attain the object of their wishes. Certainly, the desired competency and the consequent relaxation are secured in many instances, yet not perhaps in one out of twenty, the other individuals sinking under the severity of their toils, or through the other accidents of life, or else being obliged to work on into old age for the sake of mere current subsistence. And what is usually the condition of the enviable few who have been successful? The fictitious literature of a century past would answer this question by holding up its numerous examples of retired citizens vainly seeking, in frivolous amusements and hobbies, the means of agreeably whiling away their time, until at length, unable any longer to endure a vacuity for which they were unprepared, they found it necessary to return to their former business, if not intercepted by a death of sheer ennui. Perhaps these pictures are a little overdrawn, or do not represent the bulk of the class of retired men of business; but there can be no doubt of the general fact, that the leisure period, when it comes, is invariably more or less disappointing. It could not, we believe, be otherwise, for there are natural principles in the case which admit of no other result. Any kind of life, however unconformable to nature, which has been persisted in for many years, becomes, by virtue of that continuance, a matter of habit, and cannot be changed without a shock to the whole system. Besides, the mind is totally unprepared for the enjoyment of leisure. It has acquired none of the tastes which, in the case of those who never had to yield to the yoke of business, make leisure only an opportunity for enjoyment. The contemplation of natural objects, reading, rural pursuits, such as gardening, have no charm for such a mind, or seem to it

as mere trifling, and, if tried, are immediately thrown aside. Life having now no aim, and time no cheering occupation, the retired citizen becomes the victim of melancholy, and ends, like the Hebrew sage, in declaring all to be vanity and vexation of spirit. No doubt, life may well appear such to a person in his circumstances, for its energies have from the very first been directed in such a way that no other consequence could ensue. He has concentrated, on one object, talents and feelings for which nature has furnished a thousand that are equally fitting. He has made that the grand aim and end of his being which was intended only to be a means by which his being might be supported while he was following more noble pursuits. The natural and unavoidable consequence is, that life will appear to him in the long-run as only a disappointing dream.

The continental mode of life is greatly different. There business is rarely an engrossing or exclusive pursuit. The Frenchman spends half of his life in public places; the life of the Italian is quarter business, three quarters fete; the German meditates for hours every day over his pipe. The leisure of life is thus enjoyed in daily instalments, instead of being reserved for one large but imaginary *bonne bouche*, or sweet mouthful, at last. We will not say that any of these nations devote such shares of their time to business and leisure respectively, as are strictly rational: much less do we think that they employ their leisure in the best possible way. But, certainly, in their general plan of distributing leisure in small portions over the whole extent of life, they are more conformable to nature than we. The periods of repose called for by the muscular system, are obviously short and frequent. It would never do for a labourer to attempt to work incessantly for one week, and rest all the next. He only can work efficiently for a few hours at a time, after which he requires a short interval of rest. When that interval is past, he can renew his exertions with the same vigour as at first; and so on. Now, the man of business, although he may not exert his muscular system in any great degree, is under exactly the same regulations as the ordinary labourer. The nervous system, which he chiefly exerts in his calling, also requires frequent alternations of labour and rest. Let intervals of rest be given, and he renews his exertions with the full amount of his natural vigour. Let these be denied, and he wears himself out as effectually as the labourer would do if he were not to make the necessary pauses in his task. The operation of these principles may be readily traced in our ordinary sensations. Every one must have experienced the languor consequent on too long protracted mental exertion, and the briskness with which business is resumed after rest. We may thus read, as it were in nature's own book, the law by which she designs us to be regulated. It is clearly inconsistent with this law that youth and middle age should be spent in one paroxysm of extreme activity, and the elderly period, if an elderly period be vouchsafed, in a fit of luxurious indolence. It would be almost as wise to attempt to eat at one meal the food required for a couple of days, or to think that by a sleep of thirty hours we should be the better enabled thereafter to endure some extraordinary fatigue.

This is to limit the question merely to a consideration of the most natural way of distributing leisure. The subject may be considered in still more important points of view. It is not merely a question of how much time shall be given to business and how much to relaxation, but how shall the faculties of our nature be employed in such a manner as to make life upon the whole agreeable, and fulfil the great ends of our

being. The faculties brought into exercise in the affairs of ordinary business, are not the only faculties we have, nor the best. We have other faculties which may be employed to far higher purposes, and which may consequently bring us far higher enjoyments. Without attempting to specify the whole of these purposes or enjoyments, we would say that, at least, every human being should be to a certain extent a contemplative and reflecting creature, studious of the many phases in which the physical and moral worlds display themselves, feeling tenderly the sympathies towards his kind, and deeply the relations towards the unseen Supreme and Future. Thus his whole nature would receive employment; all would be cultivated; a harmony would exist in the various parts and employments; and when age came on, man would feel that the world, instead of being an unprofitable delusion, had been a scene in which a certain instrument had played a certain proper part, and been participant accordingly of certain proper enjoyments, so that its natural design had been fulfilled so far, and it was now ready to be transferred to the new scene of being all along reserved for it, and for which its existence hitherto had been a suitable preparative. When we consider that the course of life first described necessarily and absolutely precludes the possibility of this entire and harmonious cultivation of our nature, and necessarily precludes these results, we can be at no loss to pronounce it wrong. The thoughtless half vacant life of the continental European may be as far as the busy life of the Englishman from the philosophical mode here pointed out; but certainly, while it is, in the very first place, and upon the lowest consideration, more likely to give health and length of days, it is also necessary as a step to the attainment of the better mode which we have in view.

We well know what will be said of these speculations by those whose mode of life is not approved of. It will be allowed that they are all very well in theory, but that existing necessities are such as to make their realisation in practice impossible. Englishmen, it will be said, have got into an artificial state, which renders incessant toil the doom of all who would live. Individuals are helpless; for if they intermit the least in their struggles for a living, their neighbours take advantage of the circumstance, and thrust them aside. Ideas of this kind are apt, we suspect, to be merely imaginary. Men dream of necessities which they think themselves liable to, when they are only enthralled by their own inclinations. Thus, we conceive, it is only the powerful thirst of gain, or an undue ambition for superior rank and consideration, which operates on most minds to induce a supposition that extreme toil is unavoidable. If this be the case, it becomes purely a question of comparative advantages, and men are only required to choose whether they will have, with the chance of wealth, a life of unintermitted exertion, tending to injure health, and make the human being only a fraction of what he ought to be, or a mode of existence such as has been described as that for which we are designed by nature, wherein, while industry and its objects are not neglected, there is a full range of intellectual and sentimental pleasures, making the present a kind of heaven, and preparing a better heaven for the future.

Even admitting that there are circumstances in the general condition of our country which condemn its people to extra labour, it must be for good that the non-conformity of that extra labour with nature's institutions is pointed out. We can consider no doom of this kind as irreversible. The nature of man is such, that it is impossible for him long to be convinced of the existence of an evil, without endeavouring to remedy

it. Already, the evil in question is to a certain extent perceived and acknowledged; and already men, in large numbers, are forming the wish for shorter periods of daily business and labour. The necessity of amusement is also beginning to be acknowledged as a principle, and acted upon accordingly, under moral guidance, instead of being left, as formerly, to chance: this we consider as in itself a great step towards a natural mode of life. Let but the influences now at work experience no check, and no misdirection, and we have no doubt that in a very few years there will be such a progress towards that object, as will cause men to look back with astonishment to the habits, both mercantile and domestic, which now exist.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," ETC.

"Till then I banish thee, on pain of death."

King Henry IV.

THE period of my narrative is the year 1797, and the opening scene is in the city of Paris. The parties in the French Directory were at daggers' points; and notwithstanding the efforts of Madame de Staël to bring about a reconciliation, the Constitutionals refused to swear fealty to regicide supremacy, or to acknowledge a power formed exclusively from the most sanguinary faction of the Revolution. The great dependence of the Terrorists was upon the army, under Generals Hoche and Bonaparte, who contemplated a coup d'état to overwhelm the Girondists, who, though in a great measure sensible that danger was hanging its dark clouds over them, yet knew not from what quarter the thunder would burst, and felt themselves unable to shun or counteract it when the storm should roll its overwhelming force to destroy them.

It was on the evening of the 15th of September, and Madame Michaud sat with her husband in a parlour at their house, which commanded a view of the Boulevards. The evening was rather sultry; there was but little wind; the sun was hastening down to the verge of the western horizon, mantled in his richest splendour of gold, and purple, and vermillion. Martial music filled the air, for the morrow was to present a grand review to the citizens of Paris, and the troops under Augereau were marching into the capital to take up their positions.

"How delightfully those strains come upon the ear!" said Madame to her devoted and attached husband, as he stood gazing with emotion upon the beautiful woman. "I dearly love at all times to listen to the soul-inspiring harmony of music, but never more so than when the swell of a full military band breaks the silence of approaching twilight. Hark!" she continued; "and yet it makes one shudder to think that such heavenly sounds should herald the messengers of warfare and blood."

Michaud started, and a paleness overspread his cheeks. "It is but too true, *Eulalie*," said he, mournfully; "they are indeed the agents of death. And perhaps even now—" he added hastily, but instantly checked himself, and paced to and fro in the apartment.

"You appear to be disturbed, my dear," uttered the lady, rising, and throwing her finely moulded white arms round his neck. "Surely I could have said nothing to displease you."

"You! *Eulalie*! Oh no!" responded the husband; "you have ever been a treasure to me, and had I followed your counsel—but it is too late now. But come what may, I must meet it as a brave man ought."

"What do you apprehend, Michaud?" inquired the lady, labouring under painful alarm. "Do you suspect the troops? I cannot think that any evil is intended. It would be a death-blow to the liberty the councils have struggled through seas of gore to attain. It will be but a show to please us women. Hark! can any thing sanguinary be connected with such exquisite music?"

"I may be mistaken, my love," replied the husband, endeavouring to assume a composure he was far from feeling, for Pierre Michaud was a Constitutionalist and a national representative, against whom the vengeance of the opposing party would be unsparingly levelled, and he had looked upon the expected review as a mere subterfuge to get possession of the capital. He would not, however, terrify a mind that he felt it was his duty, as well as his affectionate inclination, to soothe and tranquillize; therefore he concealed the presentiments of evil that had seized upon his mental faculties, so as greatly to depress his usual flow of animation, and forced nature into a burst of hilarity foreign to his heart.

That night the faithful and attached pair sat till near morning holding sweet converse, and enjoying that delightful communion which flows from purity of affection. It was a night of exquisite gratification, and in the stillness of the hour did the eloquent Michaud pour forth, in energetic language, his ardent and faithful love for his wife: he seemed as if inspired; there was an unusual glow of feeling in his breast that he himself could not account for; a heavy weight hung upon his mind, and seemed to force out the ardour of his soul in beautiful and energetic language, and Madame Michaud was happy.

Suddenly the heavy report of a cannon came booming through the silence of midnight; the deputy started;

he caught his wife to his arms, and clasped her to him with a fervour and strength which seemed to say, "They shall not part us." For several minutes a death-like stillness prevailed; neither of them scarcely breathed; but the discharge was not repeated, for the sound of a single unshot gun had annihilated the French republic. Augereau had surrounded the Tuilleries—the guard surrendered—the palace was taken possession of—several members of the Five Hundred were arrested, and conveyed to the Temple, that prison to which many of them had been instrumental in consigning the unfortunate Louis—and the army was triumphant. But Pierre Michaud knew nothing of all this; and the next morning, after a most tender parting with his lovely wife, he repaired to the hall of sitting, was approached on his entrance, and sent to join his companions in the very apartments which had been occupied by the royal martyr and his devoted queen. Some of the prisoners had been in the Convention, and had given their votes for the death of their sovereign; and now the wheel had nearly performed its revolution—the period of blood had approximated to its cycle—they knew and felt themselves to be victims appointed to die. Oh! could it have been possible to enter into the secret recesses of their hearts, and witness what was passing there, when retributive justice unbared her arm, and demanded "as they had meted out to others, so should it be measured back to them again." But, in this instance, the guillotine was not resorted to; there was a cruelty in the mercy that condemned the prisoners to perpetual banishment to Cayenne. Michaud was not even allowed the mockery of a trial; and without any attention to his prayers and entreaties to give one last embrace to his beloved and almost heart-broken wife, he was hurried to Brest, and embarked, with many others, on board a frigate bound across the Atlantic. The ship remained but a few days in port; orders came for her sailing; the wind was fair, her anchors were weighed, and she stood out to sea. There is a feeling connected with the departure from our native shore that operates even upon the roughest nature. The bold land which, when near, seems to lift its head with daring pride from the depths of the ocean, sinks lower and lower as the vessel recedes; and to the uninitiated in this deception, the ship appears to be stationary, and the land departing. It was this that made Michaud exclaim, in the extreme of his agony, "The land is leaving me—beloved of my heart, I shall see thee no more!" Each believed the separation was eternal. The God of Nature and of Providence has implanted in the human heart a veneration for the place of nativity—an attachment to the soil on which we first drew our breath. Men may affect philosophy; they may call themselves "citizens of the world;" but, oh! even the most crude and callous cannot resist the appeal which is made to the kindlier emotions by the mention of the word "HOME." And here were individuals banished from their home, and all that endeared them to existence; here were individuals bidding farewell to their native land—a long, an eternal farewell; here were parents, brothers, all the male ties of relationship, torn from those loved ones whom they could never hope to see again. Nor were these the poor, the destitute, or the outworn felon—many of them had inhabited palaces, and lived in splendour; there were the once wealthy and highly privileged noblesse; there were the ministers of religion, the learned scholar, and the devoted patriot; but there were also the sanguinary regicides who had consigned their monarch to a public execution, and had been present at the scaffold to witness his last sufferings. Recollections of such a spectacle were not calculated to alleviate misery.

Pierre Michaud was about twenty-seven years of age, possessed of a very fair estate, and fairer prospects, when he contracted marriage with a lady whom he long had loved. They had only been united a short time, when he found himself dragged into the vortex of the Revolution, by being chosen one of the deputies for the south of France. To have declined, would have been tantamount to rendering himself suspected; and having a liberal bias towards a constitutional form of government, he repaired to Paris, accompanied by his young wife. His only crime in the eyes of the Terrorists was his being a Constitutionalist. Had he been permitted to choose, he would have retired from the revolting scenes that shocked his spirit, to homely peace and love. He was no regicide. He loved his country, and ardently longed to see the wolves that preyed upon it destroyed. Yet Pierre Michaud was a banished man.

And what had become of his attached wife! After parting with her husband, she employed herself in such little offices as she knew would gratify him, and win a smile and embrace on his return to take her to the review. Martial music was once more filling the air with its thrilling swells; but there came a sound mingling with it that brought the chilliness of fear. There is no other sound like it in creation. It proceeds from the voices of assembled thousands, uttering wild but simultaneous shouts of revolutionary vengeance. I have heard those rolling shouts in different parts of the world, when all that is human has been laid aside, and all that is infernal reigned paramount in savages, and the cry has been the same, though dissimilar in language. *Eulalie* had not been habituated to those fearful explosions of brutal passion, when the yells of multitudes roll upon the breeze; but a shuddering instinct crept through her frame, as mingled with the pealings of the trumpets, she heard the sounds, more like the dying groans of a prostrate

army, than the triumphant cheers of conquering victors. She listened with an indefinite sensation that she could not account for: never had any sounds which she had heard, produced such strange and appalling effects. They evidently grew louder, and indicated a nearer approach to her dwelling. A passage of some calamity, but of what nature she knew not, darkened her mind, and caused a tremor to shake her frame. Suddenly a friend of her husband rushed frankly into the room. "Fly, fly, Madame!" he hurriedly exclaimed; "fly whilst there is yet hope of escape. The blood-hounds are coming to wreak their fury. Hark to their advent!"

"And Pierre! what has become of him!—where is my husband?" inquired Madame Michaud, rallying all her energies to meet the approaching danger.

"There is no time for converse now," returned the person addressed. "Pierre is a prisoner, and well needs your best exertions to support him in his adversity."

"And he shall have them," responded the lady, with firmness. "This is his house and his property, and I will not abandon it to strangers."

"You will defeat your own purposes," uttered the man; "if you remain, you perish, and the prospect of saving your husband lost. Hark! they are close at hand, and even now it may be too late. A fiend awaits. Slip on your bonnet and shawl. Heed no other dress, and hasten, for your life!"

Thus solemnly warned, Madame Michaud complied. The fiend was gained, and drove off. The mob assailed the dwelling; the work of demolition commenced; and in one short hour, the place presented a scene of revolutionary ruffianism and wreck. The unfortunate lady, though she had saved her life, could not obtain a refuge. She was a woman of talent and integrity, two dangerous qualities to the regicidal faction; and, consequently, she was proscribed, and driven into obscurity, at the very period that her husband was quitting Brest harbour for the colony of Cayenne.

Away flew the ship over the foaming waves, bearing within, hearts sad, and stricken, and despairing—consequences, over which a sense of crime was exercising a despotic sway—blood-guiltiness, that left a stain upon the immortal soul—groans, and complaints, and cries, mingling with the clanking of chains, and the ringing of fetters, came up the hatchways, and were wasted on the desert waters. Yet the sun by day, and the stars by night, shone bright and clear. The heavens were a smiling and a cheerful aspect, and none who saw that gallant vessel proudly stemming the billows, could have conjectured that she carried a freight of such appalling misery. The dreaded Bay of Biscay was crossed in pleasant weather, and Cape Ortegal appeared. It was opening daylight when they made the dark blue land arising from the azure ocean, and a few minutes afterwards a strange sail was visible from the deck. Glasses and straining eyes were directed towards the object; many a conjecture was hazarded; many a gasconade was uttered; but none, though several were well assured of the fact, declared her to be what she actually was—a British frigate, full of eager spirits to engage. Being under the land, she had the advantage of the Frenchman in seeing the enemy first; and, when discovered, was already crowded with canvas, in chase. But the French captain was fully acquainted with the admirable qualities of his noble ship. She was one of the fastest sailers in the republican navy, and carried her broadcloth with the stiffness of an alderman. Nor was the British frigate any way inferior, either in fleetness or stability; and from the moment of interview at daybreak, till the twilight hour of evening, when sombre shades were gradually deepening into night, no perceptible change had taken place in their relative positions. Oh, what anxious moments were these for the wretched prisoners in the hold! They would be content to remain captives, if taken; but then it would be in England, where the hand of the oppressor could not reach them.

Sometimes, during the day, the bold bulwark of St George, by various manoeuvres, contrived to draw upon the democratic citizens; but the French captain was a seaman, and by cutting away his anchors, and retreating his ship, was again enabled to walk ahead; and as they were not within reach of shot, no actual hostility had occurred. Anxious and earnest were the gazers during the whole of that night; and though sometimes, when a haze was on the horizon, it was hoped by the French captain that he had escaped from his pursuer, yet no sooner did the mistiness evaporate into thin air, than the indefatigable and watchful enemy was once more visible, and carrying on to come up with the chase. During the darkness, the British frigate had thrown up rockets, burnt blue lights, and fired guns, to attract the attention of any friendly cruiser; and when daylight again dawned upon the waters, another large frigate was seen nearly abreast of the Frenchman, and about two miles distant. At first she was standing towards the republican, but the superior sailing of the latter plainly evidenced that there was no chance of nearing the French ship but by running on a parallel line, and occasionally hauling up, for the Englishman was to leeward. An engagement now appeared inevitable; but the French captain dexterously avoided it, by changing his course two points to windward; and though a few shots were exchanged, yet but trifling injury was done on either side. For four days and three nights did this chase continue; the British sometimes bringing up a fresh wind, and getting within gun-shot, and then the French frigate would

catch the breeze, and again outsail them. The fourth night a heavy gale of wind came on, that continued for nearly a week. The furious elements, though they did not calm the passions of the hostile parties towards each other, yet drew all their attention to their own peculiar safety, and the ships parted to meet no more.

Nothing scarcely could exceed the horrible situation of the state-prisoners during the storm. From their countrymen they suffered the utmost indignity and inhumanity. Several of them perished in that loathsome and pestilential hold; and eight or ten having held a solemn council, frenziedly determined on self-destruction.

At length the frigate arrived at Cayenne. The appearance of the island in its rich fertility was beautiful, and the verdure presented a grateful spectacle to the eyes of the wretched captives. But on landing, the intense heat of the climate almost overpowered them, and sickly apprehension aided the attacks of fever that speedily diminished their numbers. They were placed in a coffee logie as a temporary prison, and provisions of the worst quality were served out to them in very scanty allowances, and they were kept under extremely rigid restrictions.

Pierre Michaud, although the bitterest anguish oppressed him when he thought of his home and his wife, yet struggled with his afflictions, and, like many others, determined upon attempting to escape. It is true that several had lost their lives in their endeavours to reach Surinam or Berbice, or to penetrate into the interior to the Spanish settlements of Paraguay. Some, in fact, after almost incredible hardships, succeeded in getting to Pernambuco. Michaud at length was enabled, through the generous aid of a Swedish gentleman, a planter, who was about to embark in an American brig for the purpose of conducting a sick wife to Europe, to obtain concealment in the same vessel. The brig was bound to Gottenburg; and oh! the delight that swelled in the heart of the banished man when they gained the mouth of the river, and were rapidly running off from the land. The very air, as it came laden with the perfumes from the orange blossoms, was now the breath of liberty to him, and hope resumed its wonted hold upon his mind; he was free, free, and he felt in his whole frame the expansive powers with which emancipation had blessed him.

"Oh, blest liberty! it is thou alone
That gives to fleeting life its sweetness and perfume,
And we are slaves without it."

The winds were fair, the weather favourable, and the captain promised a speedy passage. Monsieur Berthollon had laid in his own provisions for himself, his wife, his daughter, and his friend; and trusting to the assurances of the captain, who was poorly supplied, they lived merrily and unsparingly upon their stock, which was daily decreasing. It was the month of December when the brig neared the British Isles, intending to run through the English Channel. But north-easterly gales set in; the cold became piercing; and, to their dismay, they discovered that there was even, upon the most economical scale, not more than a week's victuals remaining, and a very scanty supply of water. Day after day passed on, and still those hard-hearted winds prevailed. Gradually the food disappeared, till their only nourishment consisted of a single biscuit, about a quarter of a pound of salt pork, and one glass of water, for twenty-four hours. The sails were several of them split; the brig being deep in the water, the sea broke fearfully over her, and at length she became leaky, so as to keep the half-famished and nearly worn-out crew incessantly at the pumps. But the thrilling dread of starvation overcame the horrors of prospective shipwreck; scarcely a morsel of nourishment was left; the water, except a very small portion, which, to the eternal honour of the seamen, was preserved for the females, was gone, and death stared them in the face with that gaunt and terrifying look which ravening hunger and parching thirst create. The captain of the brig proved inadequate to his duty; by his soundings he discovered that he was considerably out in his longitude; and when emergency demanded prompt activity and exertion, terror overcame him, and he shrunk back dismayed, confining himself to his cabin under pretence of illness, which, however, was not long before it came in reality.

It was a pitiable spectacle to witness the despairing countenances of those unhappy creatures, whose hollow cheeks soon betrayed the urgent wants of nature, and whose wolfish eyes glared wildly upon each other as unbidden longings arose that made them sick to shuddering. Every means had been resorted to that human invention could suggest to prolong existence, but the last resource was failing. No vessel appeared in sight; the gates of heaven seemed to be closed to their earnest supplications, and despair triumphed over even the consolations of religion. And there sat the father gazing with tender anxiety, verging upon agony, at his wife and child, but with his tenderness there came also a mingling of ferocity that he could not subdue. The demon hunger was preying upon his vitals, and the corroding tooth of the monster poisoned the source of generous feelings. Madame Berthollon possessed a most kind and indulgent husband; disease had made her petulant, but impatience and repining were swallowed up in the prospect of the dreadful death which awaited them, and the affliction of the wife and the mother raised her above the ebullitions of corporeal

suffering. The incessant branches made by the sea kept them constantly wet; their bedding, every thing was saturated with water; whilst, to add to their misery, they had seventeen hours of darkness to seven of light.

In time, the gale suddenly shifted to the west-north-west, and bore them along with great rapidity towards England. Hope once more revived, that, though they might not reach a friendly port, yet, getting in the fair-way of the Channel, there was a chance of falling in with a vessel from which they could obtain assistance. A day and a night passed away, and still they were careering onward without having been able to speak one ship, although several had hove in sight. Disappointment increased their irritability; there was a maddening unnatural savageness in all that the crew did; they wrangled, they fought, without knowing why or wherefore; and there was a tiger-like desire to gratify their appetites with flesh. A little negro lad, belonging to Monsieur Berthollon, disappeared; it was reported he had been washed overboard, and one or two asserted that they had seen him struggling for his life. It might be true, but the men had food; where they procured it, none would tell; but conjecture was not long in deciding as to what the horrible banquet actually was, and many partook without questioning further. At the close of the second day, the wind veered round more to the northward, and increased in fury so as to compel them to lay to, and before its close the land was dimly seen, through the dense haze, dead under their lee. Where they were, whether on the coast of Ireland, England, or France, no one could tell. They had not been able to obtain a meridian altitude for ten days; the reckoning had been wholly neglected; and though to the passengers the land presented a prospect of safety, yet to the seamen it threatened wreck and death. A long dark dreary night was before them; there was the blackness of darkness above, there was the blackness of darkness below, and the gloom of the sky and ocean were united by links of white sparkling foam. The water gained so fast upon the brig that she was nearly ungovernable; the billows threw their lofty feathery heads clear over her, washing every thing from the decks.

About two o'clock in the morning, a tremendous shock told them of their fate; the brig had struck the ground, and shook and trembled as in agony. She was lifted on the curling summit of a mountain breaker, borne along with irresistible velocity; and then, as she descended, was dashed upon the rocks, that rent her stout timbers, already shattered by the gales. The crew and passengers had crowded on the deck, grasping any thing that promised security; but their hands were benumbed by the cold, and the relentless billows washed them away into the yawning abyss, or crushed them on the craggy rock on which the brig was heaving with convulsive throes. Again rolled in a mountain wave, roaring and raging in the power of its might, the remnant of the wreck was hove farther in and fixed, where, though the sea was not so violent, it still beat incessantly over them in showers of spray. At the first shock, Monsieur Berthollon, aided by his friend Michaud, succeeded in lashing the mother and daughter to the stanchions of the winch near the mainmast. Berthollon was performing the same office for himself; his wife and child clung to him so as to impede his labours. Alas! the second wave tore him from their grasp. He caught a rope, but it was not fast. Wild shrieks mingled with the howling of the gale, as the dark form of the wretched father was seen whirling along amidst the hoary foam, and then disappeared for ever. Pierre Michaud beheld the catastrophe, but he could not avert it. He had been with difficulty enabled to make himself fast near the ladies; and futile as his attempts were likely to be to soothe them under affliction, he could not refrain from offering consolatory kindness. But their hearts were bereaved and desolate; the voice of the comforter—oh, it was almost a mockery to think of comfort—was borne away upon the wild gushes of the gale; and exhausted by fatigue and faintness, Pierre found his strength, both mental and physical, forsaking him. A benumbing heaviness crept over his faculties, and he conjectured that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career. His eyes became dim, his recollection faded, he sank into insensibility.

The east had opened her portals, and daylight, in mournful array, had gloomily issued forth, when Pierre Michaud, stiffened with cold, and scarcely alive, awoke to a consciousness of his awful situation. He shook with convulsive agitation that portended the last struggles against dissolution; he felt his end was near at hand. And what was the spectacle which he beheld! The brig had fallen over nearly on her broadside, and he was in some measure suspended by his lashings. At his side were the mother and the daughter clasped in each other's arms; the former with her head thrown back and her eyes fixed and glaring, the latter with her face upon that bosom from which she had drawn her nutriment in early infancy; both were dead! At his feet, in the waste of the water, were two seamen, whose only motion arose from the fluctuation of the waves; they were past suffering. On his left hand, a little below the shattered bulwark, lay the captain on his back; but though the sea was breaking over him, he made no movement, for he too was lifeless. The shore, a wild rocky coast, could be faintly discerned; but as the gale still exulted in its devastating strength, Michaud dared not cherish a single hope.

He resigned himself to his fate; a stupor came over him, and he was lost to consciousness.

Once more the banished man awoke to sensibility; but oh, what a change was presented! There was no longer the howling of the tempest and the bellowing of the waters; there was no longer death and destruction stalking in fearful array around him; he lay upon a soft bed, under warm coverings; his pillows had been carefully arranged beneath his head, and the curtains were closely drawn to exclude the cold air. "Where am I?" exclaimed the bewildered man, as with difficulty he raised himself up, and, having parted the curtains, gazed with astonishment at the scene. "Father of mercies!" he exclaimed, "has it then been only a dream! Eulalie—my own Eulalie!" for she was sitting by his side, "what is all this! Oh, there is too much of horrible reality in the remembrances that crowd upon my mind!—am I yet living! Come, come to my arms, thou partner of my joys and sorrows, and by your fond embraces convince me that this is no deception."

Madame Michaud passed her arms around her husband's neck, kissed his pallid lips, and shed tears of joy upon his breast. "Yes, Pierre," said she, "thus wonderfully restored to me and to your home—blessed be his holy name who has wrought out this deliverance."

"I see—I see," exclaimed Pierre delightedly; "we are in my own ancestral mansion. In this room I drew the first breath of existence; and here, Eulalie," continued he, as he pressed her to his heart, "here am I restored to a second life. But how has this astonishing event been brought about?"

Madame Michaud briefly informed him of the wreck being observed on the coast near to his own dwelling, and himself, with three or four others, rescued from impending death. Notwithstanding his emaciated appearance, he was recognised by many who had known him in brighter days, and the papers found upon his person corroborated the evidence of his identity. He was promptly removed, and assiduously attended to by his devoted wife, who, after undergoing severe hardships and cruelties, had been restored to her matrimonial rights.

"But the Directory," exclaimed Michaud; "my enemies, Eulalie! will they not discover where I am, and continue to persecute?"

"The Directory is no more, Pierre," responded his wife; "the monsters have been shorn of their power. Napoleon Bonaparte effected a revolution on the 18th Brumaire, and is now Chief Consul. It is through him that I am here—and you, oh, my husband!—you are no longer a banished man."

Pierre withdrew from public life, and cultivated his estates; and it is but a few years since I plucked delicious grapes in his vineyard, and saw him surrounded by a numerous and noble progeny, on whose minds he had inculcated one excellent and wholesome lesson, that may be summed up in two words—NEVER DESPAIR.

SINGULAR MODE OF TENANTING LAND IN GUERNSEY.

THE island of Guernsey, situated on the coast of France, but belonging to Great Britain, has a surface of twenty-four square miles, or 15,360 acres, two-thirds of which only are capable of cultivation, and yet it contains 24,349 of population, being at the unexampled rate of a thousand to the square mile, or more than three times the ratio of Belgium, which is usually represented as the most densely peopled country in the world. Making every allowance for a busy town, which draws support from commerce and from fishing, and contains 1476 inhabited houses, the population of Guernsey, as a small piece of agricultural territory, must still be considered as a singular phenomenon—one of which it is well worth while to inquire into the causes. A writer, resident in the island, has an interesting paper on this subject in a late number of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, from which it would appear that the chief, if not sole cause of the extraordinary populousness of the rural part of Guernsey, is a mode of occupying land peculiar to this part of the British dominions, and to some of the neighbouring islands. It is, we believe, the ancient Norman mode of land-tenure, or something little different from it, and its practice in Guernsey is of many centuries' standing.

The letting of land by a landlord to a tenant is unknown in this island. When a proprietor chooses to depute the cultivation of his ground, or, as the phrase goes in Guernsey, to give it to rent, he submits it to a species of sale, or what, at least, would be considered as a sale in this country. All land is considered as divided into lots called *quarters*, a quarter being equivalent to twenty pounds of Guernsey currency. Suppose that A possesses land to the value of twelve hundred pounds, or sixty quarters, and wishes to dispose of it to B, he conveys it to that individual, either without receiving any cash, or receiving (which is the more common case) one-fourth of the value in hand. If no cash has been paid, A receives interest at five per cent. for the whole £1200, namely, sixty pounds per annum, which may be considered as the rent; or if a fourth of the purchase-money has been advanced,

he receives only L.45, being the interest of the portion allowed to rest with the purchaser. "The reason," says our authority, "why it is usual to pay one-fourth part of the purchase money in cash is, that such payment may be some guarantee to A that B will faithfully work the estate, and pay his rent regularly; for, should the rent fall in arrear, then A, by a process called *saisie*, may totally eject B from the property, and the three hundred pounds paid by B when the contract was passed would be lost to him for ever. In this manner, then, is the seller or landlord secured in the receipt of the equivalent for which he has parted with the estate."

As soon as the contract between the parties is executed, B becomes, to all intents and purposes, absolute proprietor of the soil; and so long as he pays his quarters, he can never be evicted; nay, more, he can fell timber, convert meadow into arable, and arable into meadow, and perform any and every act that a tenant in fee-simple can do in England. The estate, thus acquired, descends to the heirs of the purchaser, and, on failure of direct issue, to his nearest of kin. Sometimes these annual quarters are made permanent, but most frequently they are redeemable by certain instalments, as the buyer and seller may have agreed."

The descent of these tenant-properties, as we may call them, is not regulated by the law of primogeniture; neither is it quite free of this law, but appears to be conducted upon a sort of medium between the evils on both sides. "The eldest son takes the principal house, and from sixteen to twenty perches of land, on which the outbuildings may be supposed to stand; this the law gives him exclusively, and he also has the right to keep all the land attached to the house in a ring fence, and not separated from it by a public road; but whatever he takes over and above the sixteen to twenty perches, he must account for it to his brothers and sisters, by paying them the value of this excess in money. By this plan the estates in Guernsey are never so subdivided as to produce inconvenience, nor are they ever so consolidated as to produce injustice."

A great subdivision and a very thorough cultivation of the land have been the consequences of this system. "The estates," says our author, "are small, none exceeding seventy acres; and the average amount of land attached to each house in the country, may be computed at five English acres. This minute subdivision causes the whole island to be cultivated as a garden; not an inch of available soil is lost, and even the hedges are planted with furze for winter fuel. The crops are abundant, and far exceed those of England. The average produce of wheat per acre is thirty-three Winchester bushels, and as much as fifty-five to sixty have been raised. Five hundred bushels of potatoes per acre are the ordinary produce, and the hay crops average three tons and a half, English weight. Twenty-two tons of parsnips per acre are considered a fair crop: 2500 milch cows are kept, yielding an annual revenue, in milk and butter, of L.32,520; 550 cows are annually exported to England, and the same number of cattle slaughtered for home consumption. Vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs, and cider, are most abundant, and of excellent quality. Now, the question, the commercial question, arising out of these facts, is simply this: Where, in Great Britain or Ireland, can be found 10,000 acres equally productive? Let it not be said that the islands have richer land, a more favourable climate, or better implements of husbandry: this is not the fact; they have, moreover, many disadvantages, as tremendous gales of wind in winter, and scorching droughts in summer; but they have one paramount superiority, and that is their system of landed tenure—the true source of their agricultural wealth."

The rent of land in Guernsey, expressed in English terms, is never less than five pounds per English acre; and it is a very rare case indeed, if it ever falls in arrear. The landlord is seldom disappointed in the regular receipt of his income. * * * We shall now proceed to the moral influence produced on the people by this system of tenure. One of its first consequences is to raise the standard of virtue—to inspire the whole population with a manly and independent spirit—and to destroy that cringing adulation and fawning servility, which leases for years have necessarily engendered among the tenantry of England. All men have admitted that the institution of property is the basis of civilisation. This principle being acknowledged sound by universal consent, it follows that whatever counteracts its expansion must be vicious, and that whatever promotes its extension must be nationally beneficial. The bare possession of property on a doubtful tenure is scarcely a good: it is essential that the possession should be secure; and if security for a term of years be desirable, much more so must it be for permanent enjoyment. Now, the plan of leases for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, together with tenancies from year to year or at will, is bad in principle, as they merely convey a temporary interest determinable at a date specified; the working farmer thus becomes a bird of passage, without any fixed home. He may be prudent, industrious, and sober—a good father, a good husband, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good citizen; but these virtues avail him nothing; he lives in a state of agricultural servitude, and, at the expiration of his lease, the caprice or spite of his landlord may expel him from his farm. Far different is the condition of the Guernseyman. Once possessed of land, he can

never lose it, except by his own fault; he has only to pay the stipulated quarters of rent, and he continues absolute lord of the property; he feels proud of his position, and the spirit of independence is within him; he has a solid stake in the country, though it may be small; he can say with honest pride, 'This house is mine; that field is mine; and when I die, the law will give them to my children.'

This system of tenure prompts to industry, encourages economy, and represses intemperance. A man having paid down in cash one-fourth of the value of the land he holds, is stimulated by the most powerful impulse to redeem the annual quarters, and disengage his estate from the payment of rent. In the eyes of a person so circumstanced, labour loses its repulsive character, for he feels that he is working for himself. He has an object constantly before his mind which he steadily pursues. The propensity to drunkenness, so fatal to the working-classes of Great Britain, is counteracted with the Guernseyman by the desire and the opportunity of acquiring a disencumbered landed property. * * *

We may with truth affirm that habits of prudence, economy, moral restraint, and the wisdom of appreciating in what consists a competency, and the disposition to live within one's income, are virtues indigenous to the soil of Guernsey, and rooted in the native character. Agrarian outrage is unknown; there is not on record an instance of machine-breaking, rick-burning, or hamstringing of cattle; all are interested in the preservation of order, for all have a property."

We hear so much of the evils of excessive subdivision, as illustrated by the condition of Ireland, and are so much accustomed to be told by the political economists that large farms conduce to production, that it is difficult to understand that any good can attach to the Guernsey system, thus described. Yet, if we are to believe the writer under our notice, while population is more than four times denser in Guernsey than in Ireland, beggary is unknown, the people enjoy peace and comfort, and an immense quantity of surplus produce is exported. We cannot follow the writer into the speculations which he founds upon his facts; but we render him our hearty thanks for the account he has given us of a system which certainly appears, as far as exemplified, to conduce greatly to human happiness, and of which it is cheering to a philanthropic mind even to imagine, much more to see realised, upon however small a scale.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL LEE.

It is not unknown to the public that the Reverend Samuel Lee, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, was a self-taught genius, and made his way to his present situation through very remarkable difficulties. Chancing lately to find an account of the early life of this learned person in the Report of a Bible Society, we were so much struck with it, that we deemed it worthy of being made more generally known. It is awkward, we confess, to detail so many things to the praise of a living man; yet, as they have been published before, and are calculated to do much good wherever they are read, we trust he will pardon the liberty we are about to take.

Mr Lee was born at Longnor, in the parish of Conder, and county of Salop: the date has not been mentioned, but it was probably from ten to fifteen years antecedent to the close of the last century. The only education he received was that of a village school, where nothing was taught besides reading, writing, and arithmetic. At twelve years of age, he left this school, and was placed at Shrewsbury with a relative of his own, to learn the trade of a carpenter and builder. He soon became noted for the skill, neatness, and ingenuity of his mechanical operations, and for his dexterity in those performances on musical bells for which England is remarkable. But it was in the acquisition of languages that he chiefly displayed the powers of his extraordinary mind. To this study he appears to have been impelled purely by the force of his own natural gifts. He had no example before him, to raise in his breast an anxiety to excel as a linguist: he had no one to recommend the study to him, as likely either to improve his mind or advance his fortune. Of the steps by which he acquired languages we have no detailed account. Mr Archdeacon Corbett, in describing his progress at a meeting of the Shropshire Bible Society in August 1818, speaks of him as commencing his studies in Latin about the year 1806, and as prosecuting them under the pressure of severe labour and many cares, without the stimulus of either hope or fear; seeking concealment rather than the smile of approbation, and very scantily supplied with materials. "At this time," says the venerable archdeacon, "his earnings were barely sufficient for the poorest maintenance; yet he spared from this pittance to purchase such a grammar as could be met with upon the book stalls of this town (Shrewsbury); and when he had read through one volume procured in this manner, he

was forced to pay it away again, as part of the price of the next book he wished to purchase." He omitted at this time none of the hours usually devoted by his fellow-artisans to manual labour, so that the time he could devote to study was very small. His opportunities were further abridged by a disorder in his eyes, which forbade reading at night. Nevertheless, in the space of six years, and while still, we believe, under twenty, he had taught himself the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan languages, being able to write as well as read the first three. This, says Archdeacon Corbett, he did, "unaided by any master, uncheered by any literary companion, uninfluenced by the hope of either profit or praise."

The obscure and almost secret studies of this singular youth at length brought about a slight change in his situation. He was promoted from his mechanical labours to the scarcely less servile drudgery of teaching a humble charity school. The change brought him little advantage, as far as leisure for study was concerned; but it did him an important service in introducing him to the notice of the eminent Oriental scholar, Dr Jonathan Scott, who had been Persian secretary to Mr Warren Hastings in India. Dr Scott presented an Arabic grammar to Mr Lee, who had now for the first time the pleasure of conversing upon the studies in which he was engaged. In the course of a few months he was able both to read and compose in the Arabic and Persian. Through Dr Scott's unremitting exertions in his behalf, he afterwards formed an engagement with the Church Missionary Society, and was admitted to Queen's College, Cambridge, with a view to his taking holy orders.

When he entered at the university, he was unacquainted with mathematics; but in one fortnight he qualified himself to attend a class which had gone through several books in Euclid, and he soon after discovered an error, not indeed in Euclid, but in a treatise on Spherical Trigonometry usually bound up with Simpson's Euclid, the 14th proposition of which Mr Lee disproved. Now, as Simpson's edition of Euclid may be looked upon as a text-book at either university, as it is the one usually put in the hands of students, and to which the lectures of the tutors apply, it is most wonderful if a mistake should have been pointed out in such a work, and for the first time, as it would seem, by a student of not many weeks' standing in that science. Though he thus manifested great aptitude for the study by which the highest honours are acquired at Cambridge, he did not allow himself to be led too deeply into it, reflecting that his main object in being at college was to accomplish himself as a preacher. In proper time he was ordained as a minister of the Established Church of England, and immediately thereafter began to preach to large congregations.

Archdeacon Corbett, speaking, it will be recollected in August 1818, described Mr Lee as then skilled in seventeen languages besides his own, namely, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, French, German, Italian, Ethiopic, Coptic, Malay, Sanscrit, and Bengalee; all of which had been acquired in the space of fourteen years. The venerable archdeacon justly remarked that this was a greater wonder than was presented in the famous case of the Admirable Crichton, who, at twenty-one, was said to know eleven languages besides his own, namely, the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian. Mr Lee had made himself well acquainted with the classical productions of Greece and Rome; but he was chiefly inclined to cultivate the languages of the east, as those most calculated to be of service in advancing the missionary cause. He had therefore engaged in or perfected a series of literary labours, of which the following note was presented by Archdeacon Corbett:—

1. The Syriac New Testament, edited by Mr Lee, and published, is not a continuation of that begun by Dr Buchanan, but an entirely new work, for which Mr Lee collated three ancient Syrian MSS., the Syrian Commentary of Syrius, and the texts of Ridley, Jones, and Welstein.
2. An edition of the Malay New Testament, from the Dutch edition of 1733; and the Old Testament is now in the press.
3. An enlarged and corrected edition of Mr Martyn's Hindostanee Prayer-Book, in conjunction with Mr Corrie.
4. A tract, translated into Persian and Arabic, and printed, entitled "The Way of Truth and Life," for the use of Mahometans.
5. A Malay Tract for the London Missionary Society; and some tracts in Hindostanee, for the Society for Instructing the Lascars.
6. A tract in Arabic, on the New System of Education, written by Dr Bell, and first translated by Michael Sabag for Baron de Sacy, oriental interpreter to the king of France.
7. Dr Scott having translated the Service for Christmas-day from the Prayer-Book of the Church of England into Persian, Mr Lee has added to it the rest of the Liturgy.
8. Mr Lee has under hand a new translation of the Old Testament into Persian, in conjunction with Mirza Khaleel.
9. Mr Lee is printing an Hindostanee New Testament.
10. He is preparing for an Ethiopic Bible and other works.

* There appears to be a resemblance betwixt this plan and that of *fusing* ground in Scotland.

11. Mr Lee has moreover made a new found of letter for Hindostanee and Persian printing; and a new found for an edition of the Syriac Old Testament, and for which he has collated nine ancient MSS. and one ancient commentary. Some of these were collated for the London Polyglot, but Mr Lee looks upon those collations both as incorrect and deficient. He hopes to restore many omissions, both in the London and Paris Polyglots.

The spokesman added—"The whole of Mr Lee's life has been sober, moral, and consistent. He bears his faculties most meekly. The resources of his mind are unapparent till called forth. He seeks not polished society, but he mingles in it when invited, without effort and without embarrassment; and without losing any of his humility, he sustains his place in it with ease and independence. Mr Lee's learning is without any tincture of pedantry; and his religion is as far from enthusiasm on the one hand, as it is from lukewarmness on the other."

In March 1819, Mr Lee was elected Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, under circumstances which reflected great honour upon him. Not having been at college the time usual for taking his degree of A.M. requisite to his standing for the chair, a *grace* passed the senate to supplicate for a mandamus from the Prince Regent, which was graciously granted by his Royal Highness. In this distinguished situation Mr Lee still continues.

WILD SPORTS IN LITHUANIA.

In Lithuania, formerly a part of Poland, now a province on the western borders of the Russian empire, wild animals still abound, particularly wolves and bears. When it is mentioned that the country is still partially overgrown with forests, and that one of these, styled the Grand Forest, is no less than twenty-five miles in extent each way, this will not appear surprising. The cattle belonging to the peasantry suffer much from these animals, and it accordingly becomes necessary, at certain periods of the year, to hunt them, with a view to keeping down their numbers. A Scottish gentleman of our acquaintance, who spent the last summer in Lithuania, and joined occasionally in both wolf-hunts and bear-hunts, supplies us with the following particulars of an affair of the former kind.

A wolf-hunt usually takes place on a Sunday, as on no other day would it be possible to gather a sufficient body of the peasantry to join the regular hunters. One Saturday evening, a pack of wolves which had been very destructive amongst the cattle about three weeks before, was reported by the head huntsman, at the house where our friend resided, to have taken up a position in the centre of the Grand Forest. A party of chasseurs was immediately ordered to proceed to the forest, for the purpose of *calling the wolves*—a duty which consists in keeping up a howling noise near the wolves all night, to which the wolves reply, the men thus ascertaining the exact place where the animals are prowling, and also the den or covert in which, at the approach of morn, they station themselves for the day. When the wolves on this occasion had taken to their covert, the chasseurs returned and made their report, and notice was immediately communicated to the people of the neighbourhood, to assemble at church with all the fitting accoutrements.

When mass was ended, seventy men with guns, and a hundred and fifty *beaters*, ranked themselves up as ready to attend the hunt. After travelling six or seven miles, the party arrived at the centre of the Grand Forest, where a number of the under-chasseurs were in waiting. "I think," says our friend, "the horses on which my host and I were mounted must have known what we were going after, from their snorting so much, and patting the ground in so remarkable a way with their feet. When the party was assembled in the wood, and, looking round me, I saw such a multitude of eager-looking men, clad in such various costumes—some of them of an eastern cast—and armed so variously, I could not help wishing that David Wilkie or William Allan had been present, to fix the scene upon immortal canvass."

No extraordinary adventure signalled the hunt; but the way in which it was set about is worthy of being particularised. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile round the covert of the wolves, a circle is formed by the party, the chasseurs and other armed persons filling the one half of this circle, each man about thirty yards distant from another. The other half of the circle is formed by the more numerous class named *beaters*, whose duty it is in the first place to advance slowly, beating the bushes as they move along, for the purpose of driving any stray wolves towards the centre. In the middle of the beaters the head huntsman takes up his station; and, directly across the circle, in the middle of the chasseurs and armed peasants, did our informant and his host plant themselves, that being the point to which it was most likely that the pack, when dislodged, would proceed, so that they had the best chance of a shot of the whole party. All the persons engaged were on foot.

When the semicircle of chasseurs and armed peasants had been properly formed, and the beaters were also marshalled in proper order, the head huntsman blew his horn, as a signal for the commencement of the hunt. The beaters then advanced in a close phalanx, which always grew closer as they approached the den. Notwithstanding all their care, however, three of the wolves broke through their ranks and escaped. The other two—for there were but five—ran forward, but not, as had been expected, towards the place where our informant was stationed. They went in different directions towards the sides of the semicircle, where they were shot by the chasseurs. It is perhaps scarcely worthy of being mentioned here, though it was productive of some good soup at the time, that three hares were added to the more important game. A chasseur now stationed himself at the original place of rendezvous, whence we had set out to take our places in the circle: by blowing a horn, he quickly gathered us all together once more at that spot, where the appearance of the party was even more striking than before, in consequence of the excitement which had been raised by the hunt. Presently, two peasants approached, bearing the two slain wolves on their backs, which, with great glee and triumph, they laid at the feet of the chief gentleman of the party. With this ceremony ended the hunt. It was afterwards learned that two of the wolves which had broke through amongst the beaters, found their way into the neighbouring road, where a gentleman travelling along on horseback, seeing their ferocious appearance, gave himself up for lost, but was speedily relieved from his terrors, as the animals, too much frightened to attack any human being, instantly plunged into the forest on the other side. The wolf is in his ordinary state a cowardly animal, and never attacks human beings except when very hungry, or when put to great difficulty in a hunt. In these conditions, however, he is decidedly dangerous. Our friend, one day passing a field in the course of being reaped, was surprised to see two chasseurs apparently mounting guard on the reaping party, one at each flank. Inquiring the reason, he learned that the soldiers were there to protect the reapers, in the event of a hungry wolf walking up to them from the neighbouring forest. He also learned that, not long ago, a peasant girl, returning from Wilkomirz to this place, was attacked by some wolves, and so dreadfully torn by them before she was rescued, that she died the following day.

The bear-hunt is rather of a more dangerous nature than the wolf-hunt. Two kinds of bears haunt the Grand Forest; the large black bear is the more powerful and fierce of the two. He is a cunning, as well as a fierce animal, and proves very destructive to horses, cattle, and sheep. Nor does he scruple, when he finds an opportunity, to walk off with the children of the peasantry. When attacked in his den, he makes a most determined fight, often killing the dogs, and sometimes even the hunters. Last spring (1838), at a bear-hunt which took place near the house where our friend resided, a gentleman, observing a large black bear approaching, discharged his piece at the animal, aiming, as he thought, at a vital part. The bear tumbled over, and the gentleman, supposing him killed, or at least thoroughly disabled, went up to the spot. The monster almost instantly recovered his feet, and attacked the hunter, from whose face and head he tore off the whole integuments, before any one could come up to his assistance. The unfortunate gentleman lived thirty-six hours in this deplorable condition. The brown bear is less dangerous; he lives chiefly on honey and vegetables, but, when put to a push, can fight a good battle. A curious instance of the revengeful spirit of a bear was mentioned to our friend. A peasant having lost a cow, and observing the marks which had been made by the animal as it was drawn into the forest, followed immediately upon those traces, and after walking a long way, came to a spot where he found the cow lying on the ground half devoured. Feeling assured that the depredator was not far off, and would in time return to renew his feast, he erected a kind of stage between two trees, for the purpose of fully commanding the spot, and being also in some degree of safety from the bear. Here he took his station with his gun in his hand, and a boy for a companion. In the course of a few hours, a large black bear made its appearance, and began to regale himself with the cow. The man fired, and the bear rolled over, as if killed. He descended from the stage to complete his victory if necessary, but was immediately attacked by the monster in a most furious manner. The boy ran off screaming, and soon brought a number of peasants with sticks to the rescue of their companion, but before they could force the bear to let the man go, he was quite dead. They bore off the body through the wood towards his home, and, as they went, the bear hung upon the party, and, wounded as he was, made repeated and furious efforts to get his victim once more into his power. When they reached the house, and deposited the body, the animal came up to the door, and made many attempts to force his way in, his object evidently being to revenge himself still further upon the man who had wounded him. In a little, growing faint with loss of blood, he withdrew with two or three fearful growls, lay down opposite the door, and died.

Of the other sports of Lithuania, our friend supplies the following note from his journal. "The fishing is excellent. In the river St Swinton, which runs close by, and joins the Niemen at Kovno, the salmon reach

to about thirty pounds weight; and I never ate better fish at Broughty Ferry. (St Swinton is the river the Prince of Lithuania was baptised in when converted to Christianity.) There is also a kind of sea-trout, which gives very good sport. One forenoon I killed twenty-seven, some weighing nearly two pounds, all with a small black fly and a light fishing-rod. This kind of angling was never before heard of in this country. There is also in the loch near the house, excellent pike, perch, and bream, which give good sport. Some pike have been killed, weighing upwards of twenty pounds."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DOMESTIC GREENHOUSES.

A PLAN has lately been discovered for keeping green plants in a fresh and lively growing state, in all seasons and climates, with a very small degree of trouble. As it must be quite new to many of our readers, though well known to professional horticulturists and men of science, I shall try to describe it, from a recollection of seeing it in operation in London in the autumn of last year. It is, I suppose, generally understood that greenhouse plants, among which may be numbered many flowering tender herbs, will not grow in the open air in a town, or even in a carefully kept room. The smoky or otherwise impure atmosphere either kills them outright, or causes them to languish, so that at the best they are poor stunted things. But, besides being deprived of pure air, the plants are not properly and regularly watered. Watering only now and then does not suit all kinds of plants; many require to live in an atmosphere from which moisture can be at all times drawn. In short, by the common artificial methods, it is often impossible to imitate the processes of nature so effectually as to keep a number of pet flowers and shrubs about our dwellings in a state of health and beauty.

The new and improved method consists simply in the use of a glass case for the plants. The case may be the size of a room, or of a box—it is all one. The top and sides of the case are of glass frames; the bottom contains earth in which the plants grow; the whole is kept closed, except at short intervals, when a small door is opened for any necessary purpose. The case may be placed in a room at a window full in the sun's light, or if the enclosure be large, like a greenhouse, it may be situated out of doors. The plants being set in the usual manner, the earth is saturated to a certain extent with water, and the case closed. Nature now takes upon itself the entire management of the process. When the sun shines on the case, the moisture rises in a natural evaporation from the earth, and hangs in condensed globules on the inside of the glass. When the cold of evening ensues, the moisture descends, and is absorbed by the plants and by the earth. Thus alternately rising and descending, the moisture in the case keeps up a proper and regular system of irrigation, whereby the plants are sustained in a state of great freshness and beauty. I am not aware that there is any precise method followed for admitting fresh air into the case, and am inclined to believe that this is accomplished only by the casual opening of the small door, or by slight crevices in the frame-work.

A gentleman residing in the eastern and most confined part of London, has brought the growth of plants by these very simple means to an extraordinary degree of perfection. In one of his front rooms he has a case, about the size of a bird-cage, in which there grow a variety of plants, native and exotic, in the most lively state of health and freshness; and in a small back court he has erected a series of sheds, enclosed, and framed with glass on top and front, in which a prodigious variety of plants are seen growing in an equally healthy condition. On being conducted into one of these enclosed out-houses, I was struck with admiration of the freshness and greenness of the vegetation. From the ground grew tall exotics, and from jutting stones resembling rock-work, there depended mosses and creeping plants of divers kinds in a state of as luxuriant vegetation as if they had sprung amongst the cliffs which overhang a Highland lake. Yet all this was in one of the smokiest parts of London, in a confined back court, where a breath of fresh air could not at any season be reasonably expected, and where certainly the same plants could not grow in the open air, notwithstanding every care which might be bestowed upon them. What a triumph is this over local circumstances! Here is a gentleman of taste, who, though placed in a situation the most untoward, has it in his power, at the merest trifle of expense, to cultivate at least one of the branches of the delightful science of botany, and at all times enjoy the contemplation of some of nature's most beautiful works.

A special advantage of this mode of plant-culture consists in its applicability to the transportation of certain growing vegetables to distant countries. It has hitherto been difficult to keep plants alive on ship-board, in consequence of the great quantity of fresh water which they require. The expenditure of water, for instance, in taking plants from Great Britain to New South Wales, is so considerable as to be a complete bar to their exportation. This obstacle to the diffusion of plants no longer exists. By the above described method, growing plants are carried safely

round the world without requiring a drop of additional water during the voyage. There may now therefore be a free interchange of a variety of vegetables betwixt the most distant parts of the earth. The heaths, ferns, wild-flowers, furze, and "lang yellow broom" of Scotland, may now be transported with ease across immense oceans, to gladden the eyes of our countrymen in America or Australia. Such, indeed, has already been done. Not long ago, as we have been informed, there was an exhibition of a number of our indigenous plants in Sydney, some of which, from the force of early recollections, affected the spectators even to tears.

For an account of the kind of plants to which this mode of culture is most suitable, I must refer to recently published works on botany, where, in all likelihood, the subject is scientifically treated.

VISIT TO THE CAVE OF CASTLETON IN DERBYSHIRE.*

I HAD travelled one hundred and seventy miles from London, when, on ascending the highest eminence which lay before me, I all at once obtained a view of a charming valley completely enclosed by mountains, and intersected by rivers and brooks. In this valley lay Castleton, a small village consisting of mean-looking houses, and which derives its name from an old castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen. A narrow path winds down the side of the mountain into the valley and through the town, where I quickly swallowed a refreshment, and continued my journey to the cave. A small brook, which flows through Castleton, guided me to the entrance. Here I stood gazing a while in wonder and astonishment at the enormous masses of steep rock which rose before me, overgrown on both sides with green shrubs, and crowned at the top with the shattered walls and towers of an ancient stronghold that once stood there, while at the bottom yawned the immense opening of the cavern. As I stood rapt in admiration at the scene, I observed a person of rather rough and wild aspect standing in the gloomy mouth of the cave. In a voice which in harshness corresponded with his uncouth appearance, he asked me if I wished to see it. I answered in the affirmative, and he forthwith told me to follow him boldly, and we stepped together into the cave. On the left-hand side of the entrance lay a huge trunk of a tree, near which the boys of the village were playing. The descent was somewhat steep, so that the broad day which seemed streaming through the entrance was gradually lost in twilight. After proceeding forward a few paces, what was my surprise on perceiving all at once on my right, under the immense vault of the cave, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, it being Sunday, were enjoying an interval of repose, and sat with their children before the doors of their lowly dwellings, apparently cheerful and happy. Immediately on passing these abodes, I saw here and there a number of large wheels, with which on working days the subterranean inhabitants manufactured ropes and cordage.

As we descended deeper down, the opening by which the light of day entered, appeared to grow smaller and smaller, and the darkness to increase almost with every step we took, until at length only a few rays seemed to dart through a little aperture, and which coloured the thin cloud of vapour that rose curling through the twilight to the vaulted roof of the cavern.

At last we arrived at a door where the high vault of rocks closed upon us, and here an old woman presented us with a couple of lights, each of us taking one in his hand. My guide now opened the door, which totally excluded the faint twilight that yet remained, and conducted me into this temple of Night, whose vestibule alone I had yet traversed. The roof here was so low, that for some paces we were under the necessity of stooping our bodies to be able to pass. But how great was my astonishment on reaching the opposite extremity of this strait, to see, as far as our lights permitted us, the vault expand into a length, height, and breadth, so amazing as to make the first huge cavern through which we had come appear of no consideration. After walking for a whole hour over a flat sandy soil, as if beneath a black midnight sky, so lofty was the roof, and so deep the darkness, the rocks again began by degrees to decline in height, and we found ourselves suddenly on the margin of a tolerably broad river, which, with the glimmer of our lights, threw back a remarkable reflection on the surrounding gloom. To the bank of the stream there was fastened a small boat, in which some straw was lying; and my guide told me to step into it, and stretch myself out in the bottom, because in the middle of the river the impending rocks approached very near the edge of the water. After I had done so, he stepped into the stream, which reached above his middle, and drew the boat after him. The solemn stillness of death reigned around us, and as we advanced, the rocks, like a dark-grey cloud, sank deeper and deeper, till at last they almost touched my face, and I was scarcely able to hold the light from my breast. In this position I lay as in a coffin, not daring to move, until the frightful strait was passed, and the rocky roof of the cave again swelled upwards on the opposite shore, where I was safely set down by my conductor.

Our way was now all at once broad and high, and

then, as suddenly, again it became low and narrow. As we passed, we observed on each side of us a multitude of petrified plants and animals, some of large size, others smaller, but which, from want of time, we could not stay to examine. We now arrived at a second river, not, however, so broad as the first, for we were able to discern the opposite shore; and there being no ferry-boat here, my guide carried me across on his shoulders. Proceeding onwards a few steps, we came to a third narrow stream of water, which extended lengthways before us, and led the way to the extremity of the cavern. The road which wound along this rivulet was wet and slippery, and sometimes so narrow that we scarcely could get one foot placed before another. Notwithstanding the difficulties which I had to surmount, I with pleasure continued my journey along the subterranean shore, delighted with the appearance of the wonderful objects which surrounded me in this realm of darkness and shadows, until my attention was suddenly arrested by sounds resembling music heard from a distance, which broke the silence of this dreary solitude.

Struck with astonishment, I came to an instant halt, and asked my guide what was the meaning of this! "You will soon see," was his reply.

But as we went on, the melodious tones died away; the noise became fainter and fainter, and was lost at last in a gentle drizzle, as if caused by drops of rain falling from the roof. How great was my surprise to find this was really the case, and that, from the rocks above, as from a dense cloud, an everlasting shower of rain descended, the drops of which, now glittering in the light of our torches, had, by their fall on the floor, caused the melodious sounds which we heard! The phenomenon is occasioned by a muddy brook, which searches down through the veins of the rocks above, and drips into the vault as from a huge filter.

We dared not approach too near, lest the falling drops should extinguish our lights, and then, perhaps, we might in vain have attempted to explore our way back. We continued our course along the margin of the narrow stream, and, in passing, I observed a number of wide openings in the walls of rock which rose on each side of me. They seemed the entrances to new caverns, but I proceeded without stopping, till told by my conductor to prepare for one of the most splendid appearances of the cave, and which was just at hand. Scarcely had I gone on half a dozen of steps, when I was ushered into a majestic temple, consisting of magnificent arches resting upon beautifully formed pillars—all so delicately moulded, that they seemed the handiwork of an accomplished architect, rather than the fortuitous productions of nature. This subterranean temple, whereon no human hand had been laid, appeared to me at the moment in regularity, splendour, and beauty, to surpass the most lordly structures I had ever beheld.

We now approached the termination of our journey. The little streamlet faithfully accompanied us to the farthest extremity of the cave, while to the last the roof continued to bend like an arch. It then rapidly declined in height till it came into contact with the brook, which here made a semicircular bend. The cavern was thus closed as with a door of adamant, for ever barring all farther progress to human foot. Hereupon my conductor sprang into the water, and swam over to the rocks, and also down for some feet, for the purpose of showing me that it was impossible to get any farther, unless we could blast the rocks with gunpowder, and perhaps open up a second cavern. It was now my belief that our next way would be back again; but I was destined to encounter greater difficulties and to behold lovelier scenes than any which I had hitherto met with.

Turning himself round, my conductor led the way through an opening in the wall of rock on the left hand, and I followed him. He now inquired if I had any objections to creeping a tolerable distance beneath rocks which brooded so low as almost to touch the ground; and telling him I had not, he bade me take great care of my light, and faithfully follow him. Crooking our bodies, we commenced our journey on all fours, over wet sand, and through openings of rock scarcely large enough to allow our bodies to pass. After completing this irksome part of our travel, and assuming the erect posture, the first object which attracted my notice was a steep hill rising to such a height in the cavern, that it appeared to be lost as in a cloud amongst the lofty rocks which frowned above us. So wet and slippery was this elevation, that on attempting to ascend it, I instantly lost my footing and fell back. But my guide, laying hold of my hand, told me to fear nothing, but boldly accompany him, as he well knew where a firm footing was to be obtained. We began our ascent, and rose to such a height, at the same time looking down into such a frightful chasm on either side, that my head yet grows giddy when I think upon the scene.

At length we reached the summit, where, having been pointed out a secure place to stand upon, my conductor told me to remain without stirring, and then, descending the hill, left me alone to meditate on my situation. I lost sight of him for a considerable time; at last I perceived not him, but his light, shining like a beautiful star far down in the depths of the abyss. The view was splendid, indeed indescribably so; and after allowing me to enjoy it a sufficient length of time, my guide returned, and taking me on his shoulders, I was safely landed on the spot from which the ascent was begun. But a still more surprising sight

awaited me. Leaving me standing where I was, he again ascended the hill, and placing his light in such a manner as to make it shine through a small opening of the rocks (while at the same time I concealed my own light with my hand), it seemed as if at darkest midnight a star were gleaming through a thick cloud; it was a sight which, in loveliness, far surpassed any thing that I had seen. We had now reached the limits of our subterranean journey, and with much trouble and difficulty we retraced our steps to the world above us. Again we entered the solemn temple which we had so lately left; heard anew the rain-drops gently drizzling near us; listened to the melodious sounds which they produced at a distance; recrossed the streams which flowed on so noiselessly; and passed along the vast hall of the cavern to the narrow door where we had taken leave of the light of day, and which I again longed to hail after my sojourn in this realm of darkness. But before my guide opened the little door, he bade me prepare for yet another sight, which, he said, would excel in beauty all the former views. I found that he was right; for on opening the door only half, I felt, not dreamingly, but in reality, as if I had obtained a glimpse of Elysium—so wonderfully beautiful did every object appear in the refreshing twilight which dawned upon the gloom. Day gradually broke upon me, clearer and clearer, and light and darkness vanished in proportion. Far in the distance, I first saw the smoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themselves. Still higher up, the boys, yet at their play around the large tree, came into view; then I beheld the purple streaks which ran along the evening sky beaming through the opening of the cavern, and, just as we reached its mouth, the sun disappeared below the western horizon. I had thus spent nearly half a day in the cavern; and when I began to examine myself a little attentively, I found that, in regard to attire, I bore a tolerable resemblance to my guide, whose dilapidated dress had attracted my notice when we first met. My shoes, too, scarcely held together on my feet, so much had they been torn and destroyed by my walk over moist sand and hard sharp-pointed stones.

THE BROOCH OF LORN.

Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartan beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Painter now, now seen afar,
Fitsful shines the morning-star.

Lord of the Isles, Canto II.

In these lines Scott makes allusion to a jewelled brooch worn by the heroic King Robert Bruce, as a means of keeping together the folds of his plaid or mantle, and which still exists in the possession of the chief of one of the Highland clan families. As this bijou has gone through some rather remarkable adventures, a short history of it, which we derive from the best, and in part from original sources, may be interesting to our readers.

The brooch, we must premise, is an article essential to the dress once worn by both sexes in the Highlands. Brooches were used by all ranks in that country, and were of all degrees of plainness and elegance, from the simple ring with a tongue across it, up to the massive silver plate of complicated mechanism, and glittering with precious stones. A Highland bridegroom gave his bride, not a ring, but a brooch, usually with some affectionate inscription upon it; and as the same article sometimes served several generations of one family, it was apt to become invested with many endearing associations. A friend of the writer has seen one inscribed with the names of five successive couples of one family, of whose matrimonial union it had been the outward symbol. Sometimes a still more sacred feeling was connected with the brooch, and it was considered as a sort of amulet, possessing a power to charm away disease. Pennant, in his Tour of 1769, gives a drawing of a beautifully jewelled one, belonging to Campbell of Glenlyon, the reverse side of which contained the names of the three kings of Cologne, Caspar, Melchior, and Baltazar, with the word *conservatus*—a clear proof that it was a consecrated article, as it is well known that the names of these royal sages, written on slips of paper, or otherwise, were esteemed in the middle ages (and perhaps to this day in some parts of Europe) as preservatives against the falling-sickness.

The brooch to which the present paper more immediately refers, is represented by unvarying tradition in the Highlands as having been worn by Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. It is not of gold, as Scott, from misinformation, erroneously represented it, but of silver, and consists of a circular plate, about four inches in diameter, having a tongue like that of a common buckle on the under side. The upper side is magnificently ornamented. First, from the margin rises a neatly formed rim, with hollows cut in the edge at certain distances, like the embrasures in an embattled wall. From a circle within this rim, rise eight round tapering obelisks, about an inch and a quarter high, finely cut, and each studded at top with a river pearl. Within this circle of obelisks, there is a second rim, also ornamented with carved work, and within which rises a neat circular case, occupying the whole centre of the brooch, and slightly overtopping the obelisks. The exterior of this case, instead of forming a plain

* By K. P. Moritz, a German author of celebrity.

circle, projects into eight semi-cylinders, which relieve it from all appearance of heaviness. The upper part is likewise carved very elegantly, and in the centre there is a large gem. This case may be taken off, and within there is a hollow which might have contained any small articles upon which a particular value was set.

In the summer of 1306, Robert Bruce caused himself to be crowned at Scone, but almost immediately afterwards was overthrown in battle by the troops of Edward I., which then occupied the country. With only a few gentlemen in his train, he was obliged to become a fugitive and vagabond in the country which he lately pretended to govern. On the 11th of August, as he was endeavouring to make his way across the Highlands, in order to take refuge in Ireland, he was encountered at a place now called Dalree, near Tyndrum, on the borders of Argyllshire, by a powerful lord, named in ancient writings "Alexander of Argyll," the ancestor of the Macdougals of Lorn. Alexander was one of those great Hebridean and Argyllshire chiefs who at this time, and for more than a century after, deemed themselves independent of the king of Scotland. He was in alliance with the English monarch, and had further and more special causes of hostility to King Robert, from his being uncle by marriage to John Cuning, whom Bruce had recently slain at Dumfries. A fierce combat ensued between Bruce's party and the followers of the Lord of Argyll, as related in the following terms by Barbour (the spelling being modernised):—

"The king's folk full weel them bare,
And slew, and fellit, and wounded sair;
But the folk of the other party
Fought with axes sae folliely,
For they on foot were everilk ane,
That they fell of their horse hae slain.*
And till some gave they wounds wide;
James of Douglas was hurt that tide,
And also Sir Gilbert de la Hay.
The king his men saw in affray,
And his enseme 'gan he cry;
And among them right hardily
He ruid, that he them dushit all,
And fell of them there garred he fall.
But when he saw they were sae feill,
And saw them sae great dirts deal,
He dreed to tye his folk.† Forthly,
His men till him he 'gan rely,
And said, 'Lordings, folli it were
Till us for till assemble mair,
For they fell of our horse hae slain;
And gif we fight with them again,
We sall tye of our small mensie,‡
And ourselves sall in peril be.
Therefore methink maist awand
To withdraw us, us defendand,
Till we come out of their danger,
For our strength at our hand is near."

Then they withdrew them haillly,§
But that was not full cowardly,
For them intill a sop held they,
And the king him abandoned ay,
To defend behind his menie;
And through his worship sae wrought he,
That he rescued all the flectra,
And stinted sae-gate the chasera,||
That nane durst out of battle chace,
For always at their hand he was.
Sae weel defended he his men,
That whasaever had seen him then
Prove sae worthily vasselage,
And turn sae oft-siths the visage,
He said say he aucht weel to be
A king of a great royalty."

The poet then states that the Lord of Lorn himself could not help admiring the prowess of the king, whom he likened to Gaul, son of Morni, famous in Celtic fable. But the action was not yet concluded:

"—two brothers were in that land,
That were the hardiest of hand,
That were intill all that countrie;
And they have sworn, if they might see
The Bruce, where they might him o'erta'
That they should die, or there him alay.
Their surname was Macindrouser,
That is, as mickle to say here
As the *Durward's* son perlay.
Of their covin¶ a third had they,
That was right stout, ill, and feloun.
When they the king of great renown
Saw sae behind his menie ride,
And saw him turn sae mony-tide,**
They abade till that he was
Entered in ane narrow place
Betwix a loch-side and a brae,
That was sae strait, I underts,
That he might not weel turn his steed;
Then with a will till him they gned;
And ane him by the bridle hent:
But he raucht till him sic a dunt,
That arm and shoulder flew him frae.
With that ane other 'gan him ta'
By the leg, and his hand 'gan shoot
Betwix the stirrup and his foot,
And when the king felt there his hand,
In his stirrups stithly 'gan he stand,
And strack with spurs the steed in by,††
And he lauched forth deliverly;

Sae that the tother failed feet,
And not forthy his hand was yet
Under the stirrup, mangre his.
The third, with fall great hy, with this
Right till the brae-side he gned,
And stert* behind him on his steed.
The king was then in full great press;

—sync him that behind him was,
All mangre his will, him 'gan he vass†
Frae behind him, though he had sworn,
He laid him even him before,
Sync with the sword sic dist he gave,
That he the head to the harns clave.‡
He rushed down of blood all red,
As he that stoned fell off dead.
And then the king, in full great hy,
Strak at the other vigorously,
Whom he after his stirrup drew,
That at the first strak he him slew.
In this wise him delivered he
Of all these felon faes three."

The king and his party were now permitted to retire. He is said by tradition to have taken refuge that night in a cave at the head of the glen of Balquidder, which is still called from that circumstance *Craigree*, or the King's Rock. Another account states that his shelter that night was a cave at Craigrostan on Lochmond side, where his companions were a flock of goats; and so pleased was he, it is said, with his nocturnal associates, that he afterwards made a law exempting all goats from grass-mail or rent.

Barbour makes no allusion to the brooch; but from the unvarying nature of the tradition, there can be no doubt that he lost that part of his habiliments on this occasion. The local story is, that, in making his escape, he was under the necessity of parting with his plaid, and the brooch which fastened it. It is said that Finlay Macnab, chief of the name, who headed his clan in aid of the Lord of Lorn, came into personal conflict with the king. Throwing down his sword, he grappled with Bruce, and, being a man of uncommon strength, he was like to have the advantage, when the king, feeling himself about to be overpowered, contrived to withdraw, leaving his plaid and its splendid brooch in the grasp of his Herculean antagonist. According to another narration, Alexander of Lorn was himself the individual who entered into a personal struggle with the king. He was thrown down, and would have been slain, had not three of his vassals, named M'Keech, a father and two sons, come to his rescue, and dragged the king away by his mantle, which with the brooch remained in their grasp. In whatever way the brooch was gained, the uniform tradition represents it as continuing for centuries in the possession of the family of Alexander of Lorn, as a proud trophy of the victory gained by him at Tyndrum.

The ultimate ascendancy of Bruce proved ruinous to this great family, on the ruins of which rose the Campbells and other clans. In the seventeenth century, the Macdougals, once styled of Argyll, afterwards of Lorn, but now of Dunolly, while boasting of a most distinguished ancestry, and the chiefs of their clan, possessed but a comparatively small estate. Dunolly Castle, which overlooks the sea near Oban, and Goalen Castle in the neighbouring island of Kerrera, were their chief seats. In the civil war, the Macdougals of that day adhered to the royal cause, and suffered as much thereby as he had formerly done by opposing it. In 1647, he was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. From the impregnable nature of the situation, he was successful in holding out this strength; but Goalen Castle was taken, sacked, and burned. Campbell of Inveraw, who took part in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, or, as it was now commonly called, the *Brooch of Lorn*, which he took into his possession as fair spoil, though he did not think proper to make his good fortune too well known, lest the Macdougals might have thought it necessary afterwards to attempt the recovery of the highly valued relic by force. Time rolled on; the Macdougals of the early part of the last century lost his lands in consequence of his embracing the cause of the Pretender in 1715; his son regained them in consequence of keeping loyal in 1745. Meanwhile, the brooch won at Dalree continued safe, amidst all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes, in the strong chest at Inveraw. To the Macdougals themselves it was not even known to exist.

At length, about thirty years ago, this precious relic passed into the hands of a cadet of the Inveraw family, who, at a subsequent time, appointed it by testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided amongst his younger children. It was accordingly, about the year 1819, sent to Messrs Rundell and Bridge in London, to be exposed for sale, the price put upon it being a thousand pounds. The late King George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have offered five hundred pounds for the brooch, but without obtaining it; nor did any other customer appear who was willing to give the large price put upon it by the possessor. It must be understood that, when thus laid before the public, it was openly described as the *Brooch of Lorn*, originally the property of King Robert Bruce; yet the fact of its existence and exposure for sale did not become known to the representative of the Macdougals family, till after it had been withdrawn from the market. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late amiable General

Campbell of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour Macdougals, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman, by his chief the Duke of Argyll, at a social meeting of the landholders of the county. It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family, who, next to King Robert and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care at Dunolly Castle.

[NOTE.—The Brooch of Lorn was shown a few years ago at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, on which occasion the present writer had the gratification of seeing it. A representation of it in oil was taken at the expense of the society, and hung up in their hall in Edinburgh. Some other remarkable instances of trinkets recovered at great distances of time, may here be adverted to. About the year 1690, a year after the battle of Killiecrankie, the Viscountess of Dundee, widow of the Jacobite chief who fell in that action, paid a visit to Colding, in Stirlingshire, a seat of the Kilsyth family. William Livingstone, afterwards Viscount of Kilsyth, and who subsequently married her, paid his first addresses to Lady Dundee on this occasion. As a pledge of his love, he presented her with a ring, which, unfortunately, she dropped next day in the garden—a circumstance regarded as extremely unlucky. To obviate evil forebodings, she offered a large reward for the recovery of the ring, but in vain. She married Lord Kilsyth, and, when he had to leave his country for his concern in the rebellion of 1715, she accompanied him to Holland, where she and an infant son were soon after killed by the fall of a house. The public were greatly surprised when, in 1795, the bodies of this lady and her child were found in an embalmed and perfect state in the vault beneath the church of Kilsyth; but it was a still more remarkable circumstance, that, in the ensuing year, the lost ring was found by the tenant of the garden at Colding, while digging for potatoes. It had then been lost for exactly a hundred and six years. On the internal surface were the words, "Zorra only and Euer." About a hundred years ago, Mr Murray of Toftingall in Caithness, while walking on the seashore, near his house, lost a massive gold ring, bearing his coat armorial and initials. So anxious was he to recover it, that all his tenants were brought to the place to look for it; but they looked and searched in vain. A few months ago, a herd-boy, sauntering on the beach, found this ring under a rock, and restored it to the descendant of the original owner, Sir Peter Murray Threipland, of Fingask, Baronet.]

THE PIASA,

AN INDIAN TRADITION OF ILLINOIS.

No part of the United States can vie, in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluff of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore, is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles width, extending to a similar bluff that rises parallel with the river. One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends, with a few intervals, for many miles along the banks of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. In descending the river to Alton, the traveller will observe, between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa; its name is Indian, and signifies, in the language of the Illinois, "the bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents was called by the Indians "the Piasa," and from this is derived the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the Upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly this.

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great Magaloux and Mastodon, whose bones are now dug up, were still living in the land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons a full-grown deer. Having obtained a human victim, from that time he sought human beings as his prey. He was artful as he was powerful—would dart suddenly and unexpectedly upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illinois. At length Owatoga, a chief whose fame extended as a warrior even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of his fast, the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrow, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of the concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant that he pounced upon his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected, and placed in ambush as directed. Owatoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff, eyeing his prey. Owatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death-song of a warrior. A

* Have slain many of the horse.

† Bred to lose his people.

‡ Stopped in such a manner the pursuers.

§ Company.

** So often.

†† Hastily.

‡ Retained.

§ Wholly.

* Leapt.

† Reached.

‡ Clove the head into the brain.

moment after, the Piasa rose into the air, and, swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung, and every arrow sent to the feather in his body. The Piasa uttered a wild fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Owatoga was safe; not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him. The Master of Life, in admiration of the noble deed of Owatoga, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved in the face of the bluff.

Such is the Indian tradition; of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain: the figure of a large bird cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How and for what purpose it was made, I leave it for others to determine. Even at this day, an Indian never passes the spot in his canoe, without firing his gun at the figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rock are almost innumerable. Not a great while since, I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois river, and above that of the Piasa. My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of the caves connected with the above tradition, as one of those to which the bird had carried its human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress I stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot; the unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering we reached the cave, which was about fifty feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock, and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of the cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us—high over our heads, a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff, on the blasted top of which was seated a bald eagle. No other sound of life was near us—a Sabbath stillness rested upon the scene—not a cloud in the heavens—not a breath of air was stirring—the broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspect as it did before it had yet met the eye of the white man.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height—the shape of the cave was irregular, but, so far as I could judge, the bottom would average twenty by thirty feet. The floor of the cave through its whole extent was a mass of human bones; skulls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extend, I am unable to decide; but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here—how, and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible to conjecture.—*Richmond Enquirer, American paper.*

MR ROBERTS'S EXCURSION INTO EGYPT.

MR D. ROBERTS, well known as one of our most eminent painters of architectural scenery, is at present in the East, engaged in an undertaking of great magnitude, from which the lovers of the fine arts have formed the highest expectations. His object is to take coloured designs of the splendid ruins and chief existing cities of Egypt and Syria, from which, at his leisure, on his return to England, he may produce paintings in the first style of art. Mr Roberts departed on his arduous expedition some time last autumn, and his friends have been made acquainted with his proceedings since, by means of the following letter, dated from Cairo, December 24, and published a few weeks ago in the *Athenæum* :—

"I will not trouble you (he proceeds) with an account of my journey through France, further than to observe that the passage down the Rhone was most delightful. At Marseilles I was detained a short time; thence I embarked for Malta, touching at Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, &c. At Malta, I changed steamers, and proceeded to Syria, a small but thriving and bustling place, which has sprung up since the establishment of the Greek independence, and which was principally formed of the unfortunate fugitives who escaped the sacking of Scio. Here I again changed steamers, leaving the Sesostris for the Rhameses, and on board of the latter I found a numerous company of Mussulmans from Constantinople on their way to Mecca; certainly as picturesque a group as painter could desire—huddled together on the deck, and provided with all the requisites for such a journey. The weather was delightful, and our voyage through the Greek islands truly one of pleasure. After four days we have in sight of Alexandria, and all that remains of its ancient city, namely, vast heaps of rubbish, Pompey's Pillar, and the obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle. My stay here was short. Having delivered my letters of introduction, and provided myself with an Arab servant and necessities for my voyage up the Nile, I embarked in one of the native boats, and after a three days' sail found myself on a donkey in the midst of the crowded streets of Cairo. The English hotel here is good, but, being the only one, is, like all English hotels, most extravagant. Cairo exceeded my expectations; its streets, its crowded population, the sumptuous and picturesque appearance of the mosques and bazaars, beggar all description: from the crowded and narrow nature of the streets there will be much difficulty in making drawings, but still it must be done. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is not surpassed in point of magnitude, and the exquisite beauty of its arabesques, by any building in existence, St Peter's excepted; but all these I must skip over, together with the eternal pyramids themselves: the latter of which I visited, and ascended to the summit of the only one that is ascensible—gazed upon the desert that now covers the ancient Memphis—and returned, I suppose, like all who visit them, lost in wonder and conjecture; for there is so much to puzzle one in this mighty country, and its still more

mighty remains, that the mind becomes bewildered; mine was in this state when I struck a light on the summit of the Great Pyramid, and endeavoured to smoke a cigar with as much coolness as an addled pate and a burning sun would allow of.

But being anxious to get to the extremity of my journey before commencing operations, I freighted a boat or kanga, with eight men, a tent or awning for covering the deck, provisions for three months, all the necessary articles of house-keeping, or rather boat-keeping. Behold me seated, my English flag mounted at the mast-head, under an awning—sketch-book before me, my head covered with a red tarboosh or skull-cap—a very respectable pair of mustachios—a long chibouk or Turkish pipe—commander of my own boat, a servant to attend to all my wants, and, with the exception of mosquitos, of which there were myriads, fleas, flies that cover your eyes and mouth till you can neither see nor speak, lizards, scorpions, &c., add to which about a dozen of bats dancing the fandango over you at night—with the exception of these, and the thermometer at about 115 or 116 degrees in the shade, all was very comfortable.

I cannot tell you all I found on the passage up the river. Suffice it to say, Thebes surpassed and surpasses all that can be imagined of it; and all that has hitherto been drawn of these extraordinary remains conveys no more idea of them than a country village would of the magnitude of London—I cannot find a better simile, so you must put up with this bad one. Passing the first cataract, I entered Nubia, and reached as far as 22 degrees of north latitude.—Wady Halfah. Here the navigation of the Nile southwards terminates, all beyond being a succession of rapids. Mohammed Ali, who had preceded us, having passed us lower down the Nile, on his way to Senaar and Dongola, reached as far as the first cataract in a steamer built at Cairo, and by native Egyptians. They endeavoured to get her up the cataract, but stove a hole in her bottom, lost her rudder, and the pasha left and proceeded southwards in an open boat with rowers: as she passed us, being the first steamer that had ascended the Nile, we gave her three hearty cheers. His object is to visit the gold mines worked by the ancients, which he has re-opened—a deputation of learned and scientific men accompanying him as far as where the White River joins the Nile, and which they are to explore to its source, and finally settle the long-disputed point—the source of the river. And now to myself. I began with Ebsamboul, a temple excavated in the rock, discovered by Burckhardt, cleared of the sand by Belzoni, and in the most excellent preservation, although formed by an ancient Egyptian called Rhameses, who lived 1400 years before the Christian era. It proves the arts to have been in such a state of perfection at that time, that it is very questionable whether they have been surpassed since—all of which I hope to be better able to show you on my arrival in England. From thence I took the whole line of temples, extending from this to the island of Philæ, at the first cataract (the great barrier betwixt Nubia and Upper Egypt), entering the Thebaid, where the ruins are of greater magnitude, although most are nearly buried to the capitals in the sands of the desert, including Ombi, Esneh, Abydos, Hermonthas, Luxor, Karnac, Gournou, Medinet Abou, the sitting statues in the ruins of Thebes and Denderah. I have formed one of the most interesting collections of sketches, perhaps, ever brought out of any country—I mean, of course, of their kind. To these I hope soon to add Grand Cairo; and in about six weeks I shall enter Syria, by the way of Hebron and the Dead Sea, visiting Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Balbec, and Damascus. I think, if I am spared health, I shall return through Italy, by the way of Rome. Thank God, after an absence in Upper Egypt of nearly three months, I have returned in better health and spirits than I have had for years."

THE NEGRO FIDDLER.

A negro man was going through the woods, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin, which stood by the way-side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and without waiting to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled, and leaped, and endeavoured with every expression of rage to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened. Then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and, drawing forth his fiddle, he very good-naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement, for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbours assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.—*Hall's Notes on the Western States.*

IMPROVEMENTS FROM ACCIDENT.

Next in importance to the discovery of steam was the discovery of the spinning-jenny in the manufacture of cotton, which has revolutionised the commerce of the world, and the discovery of this too is attributable to accident. Hargraves, who first invented the spinning-jenny, was a poor weaver, near Blackburn in Lancashire; his residence was near the print-ground, the first and infant establishment of the late Sir Robert Peel, to whom

he suggested his discovery, and to which circumstance the Peel family are indebted for their opulence. A number of young people were one day assembled at play at Hargraves' house during the hour generally allotted to dinner, and the wheel at which he or some one of his family was spinning, was by accident overturned. The thread still remained in the hand of the spinner, and as the arms and periphery of the wheel were prevented by the framing from any contact with the floor, the velocity it had acquired still gave motion to the spindle, which continued to revolve as before. Hargraves surveyed this with mingled curiosity and attention; he expressed his surprise in exclamations which are still remembered, and to this trifling accident was that stupendous improvement attributable at the time.—*Pilot.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

There are 8000 deaf mutes in England; the institutions at present in operation are not capable of educating more than 600. It is calculated that at least one-eighth of the whole number are within the age and other qualifications generally prescribed for education. It therefore seems necessary that more extended provisions should be made for their instruction.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FAREWELL TO INDIA.

LYRICAL WRITTEN BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Land of the sun! land of the sun!
I bid thy shores adieu!
My years of exile now are run,
And smiling prospects have begun
To bless my sight anew,
And hopes, which long have withering lain,
Arise to cheer my soul again.
Thy rich mines yield the gems and ore
For which men roam and toil—
I've roamed and toiled, but leave thy shore
Poor as I left my father's door,
Poor as I touched thy soil—
Yet see thou hast despoiled of wealth—
The bloom of youth—the rose of health!
Though thou no wintry storms dost know,
Though still thy bowers be green,
Yet, through thy changeless summer's glow,
A long, long dreary winter's snow
Hath chilled my heart, I ween;
Alas! how tardy did appear
The lingering pace of each dull year!
Once more, Madras, at sea I stand,
And eye the sullen wave
That breaks in thunders on thy strand:—
But where is now that gallant band
That with me came, the brave—
The gay!—alas, how few remain
To cross thy restless surge again!
O thou Almighty, gracious power,
My God, my only stay,
How oft, when storms began to lower,
Thy smile hath lent their mirk hour
A gleam of heav'n's own day:
Thou'st led me, since I crossed these waves,
Safe through a path of yawning graves!
My God and Father, guide me now
Safe o'er the rolling sea,
And, while I at thy footstool bow,
For all the sunless blessings thou
Hast showered on worthless me,
Accept, most holy, just, and good,
The heartfelt gush of gratitude!
Poor helpless Hindoo tribes, farewell,
Slaves of CASTE'S fourfold chain!
Soon may the sun of truth dispel
Your deep, deep darkness, black as hell,
Idolatry's foul reign,
And chase away your long disgrace,
Weak, abject, ever vanquished race.
Ye followers of the Crescent bright,
Proud, warlike, dark-eyed race,
Though now your emblem's silvery light
No more shines prosperous o'er the fight,
It set not in disgrace!
Farewell! though fallen from empire low,
Ye bowed to no inglorious foe!
Farewell, ye plains so parched and bare,
Where weary travellers pant;
Farewell, ye jungles wild and drear,
Where rushes in his mad career
The mighty elephant;
Where restless glaring tigers prowl,
Where serpents hiss, and jackals howl.
Mountains, farewell! whose summits high
Pierce ether's cloudless day—
Round whose dark sides the tempests fly
In winged wrath, and vividly
The fierce red lightnings play;
Where man looks down with awe and wonder,
To find himself above the thunder!
Farewell, thou clear and azure sky,
Ye life-sustaining streams!
Farewell, ye lovely scenes that lie
In beauteous calm before my eye,
Lit by the white moon-beams!
India, adieu! I leave thy shore
To see it never, never more!

EDINBURGH: Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place.—Agents, W. S. OAR, London; G. YOUNG, Dublin; J. MACLEOD, Glasgow; and sold by all booksellers.

Complete sets of the Journal are always to be had from the publishers or their agents; also, any odd numbers to complete sets. Persons requiring their volumes bound along with title-pages and contents, have only to give them into the hands of any bookseller, with orders to that effect.